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The Gossiping Tongue

BY THE

REV. PROFESSOR BRADSHAW.

600082605R

THE

GOSSIPING TONGUE,

AND OTHER

SALUTARY SATIRES.

BY THE

REV. PROFESSOR GEORGE BUTLER BRADSHAW,

Author of "Tears and Rainbows; or, Heavenly Sunbeams on Earthly Sorrows,"
&c., &c., &c.

BIBLIOTHECA
MAY 1881
BODLEIANA.

"*Most* folks to taste it greatly long, . . .
. . . . . as Young
And Old have here a *spicy* dish of 'TONGUE.'"
RHYMING INTRODUCTION.

SECOND EDITION.

CLAPHAM—A. BACHHOFFNER, 162, HIGH STREET,
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1880.

280. o. 620.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

DEDICATION.

The author of this little volume respectfully dedicates *his own* "GOSSIPING TONGUE, AND OTHER SALUTARY SATIRES," to all Slanderous Gossips, Backbiters, and Busy-bodies—both male and female, married and single, old and young; whether they be hypocritically professed "saints," or honestly-avowed sinners; and whether the amiable labours of their honorable avocation, are carried on *personally*, or by *proxy*; and through the usual agency of lingual loquacity, or by means of anonymous calligraphy, or typography.

In all cases, they will find him most impartially just; and whether they will thank him for his good intentions, or fail to appreciate them, he sincerely and fervently aims at promoting the real welfare and happiness of every one of them; and of all other readers of the little poems here dedicated to them.

No one, however, need wear any of the numerous satirical caps supplied in the following pages, unless convinced that they *fit* quite as well as if they had all been made *to order*, after the most exact measurement. But those who find them so, are heartily welcome to don the new head-dress; which, it is hoped, will prove immediately profitable, even if, at first, a little *un*-comfortable to some of the wearers. Ere long, perhaps, both their heads and hearts will require an entirely different, and much more agreeable, attire.

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RHYMING INTRODUCTION.

"Some said, 'JOHN, *print it:*' others said, '*Not so!*"
But JOHN *did* 'print it,' as the World doth know:
And millions bless him for that Publication,
"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"—loved in every nation.

We're not so madly impudent to dare,
Our humble book with BUNYAN'S to compare,
In anything, except the "*No*" and "*Yes*"
Of many tongues, on sending it to Press.
Most folks to taste it greatly long, as wholesome
And pleasant *menu:* but a *few*, with dolesome
And frightened looks, say—"Dont *insult* your readers,
By printing it!"—But, whether these are feeders
On Gossip-garbage, and *that* food delight in;
Or whether, from some other cause, a fright in,
The folks have got, who've said, "Dont print it!" Young
And Old have here—a *spicy* dish of "TONGUE."

SEPTEMBER, 20TH, 1880.

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THE GOSSIPING TONGUE.*

Good-natured and Harmless Gossip.

I.

The Gossip 'gainst which we are going to wage
Deadly war in these verses, 'tis right to presage,
Is the pestilent kind that in calumny deals,
And which scandals that charity hideth—reveals.
But the innocent talk which, untainted by hate,
Or by envy, or jealousy, loves to relate
All that's good of one's neighbours—deserves to be sung,
By all bards with a good-natured Gossiping Tongue.

II.

Who's born? or Who's christened? Who's courted? Who's wed?
Pleasant tattle may form: while the query, Who's dead?
Fond or friendly condolence, and posthumous praise,
May elicit—and sometimes elegiac lays.
Trade and politics furnish legitimate chat;
And, to keep up our spirits from growing too flat,
Music, Art, Science, Lit'rature—all may be strung
To the list, for an innocent Gossiping Tongue.

III.

When men, or when women—alone, or together—
Assemble, they're sure to converse on the weather;
And phrases long stereotyped about rain,
Cold, or heat, they'll go over again and again.
Now, to blame the "small talk" in which most folks delight,
On such general subjects, would scarcely be right;
So long as no *scandals* or *slanders* among
The glib gossips, stamp guilt on their Gossiping Tongue.

---

*See Note 1, in Appendix, for Explanation of the c
Poem.

GUILTY AND MALICIOUS GOSSIP: ITS GENERAL PREVALENCE, AND SOME OF ITS EVIL CONSEQUENCES.

IV.

But of all the vile things in this vice-loving age,
That our would-be-thought "saints," or bold sinners, engage;
There is nothing, for evil results, can compete
With the slanderous prate to such people so sweet.
And never, since sin into Paradise stole,
Or Gnostic "Believers" found out that the soul
Can be saved *in* the vices to which it has clung—(2)
Has the world had *so* sland'rous a Gossiping Tongue.

V.

From the QUEEN to the scull'ry-maid no one's secure—
Men and women it damns with its daubings impure.
No bosom's too virtuous, holy, or white,
To escape its befoulling and blackening blight.
The slimiest slug and the filthiest toad,
So loathsome a trail on the flowers in their road,
Never leave, as that left on the old and the young,
And the fair, and the good—by a Gossiping Tongue.

VI.

Some serpents, 'twas said, could their victims destroy
With a look, (3) and to death in a moment decoy.
But our *backbiting* snakes *absent* victims can kill,
By a mute glance at *others*; though oftener still,
By an "Oh!" an "Alas!"—or a sneering "Well! Well!
Have you heard it, my dear?"—or, "*Don't blab*, if I tell!"
Then, the foulest aspersions in secret are flung
On the purest and best—by the Gossiping Tongue.

VII.

Like the deadly Puff-Adder, (4) of which it is said,
That it turns from its victim its venomous head,
And, with cowardly cunning, seems gliding from sight,
But to throw back that head for a deadlier bite.
So with those puff-adders 'mong women and men,
Who, though harmlessly seeming to glide from you, when
You've been watching their movements—have suddenly sprung
Back upon you, to sting with their Gossiping Tongue.

VIII.

That dread, lingual viper spares none whom it can
With impunity slander—child, woman, or man.
Every int'rest in life it attacks, and the joys
Of each one, more or less, either dims or destroys.
Fame, Love, and Religion, that serpent of hell
Doth assail with a purpose so fiendish and fell,
That the Church and the World should unitedly bung
Every mouth wherein lurks a vile Gossiping Tongue.

IX.

Reputations the brightest that ever were made,
In every profession, rank, calling, and trade—
By most scrupulous honour, and probity, too—
Have, in millions of cases, had reason to rue
The fell ravages made by its malice : and hosts
Of the worthiest men have lost lucrative posts ;
While their families' bread has been ruthlessly wrung
From their hands, by the fiend called the Gossiping Tongue.

X.

Of "The Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree,"
Its barb'd and protrusible tongue—that we see
Terminating the wonderful spring that goes over
The top of its head (5)—is employed to discover
And prey on the noxious destroyers that lie
'Neath the bark : but the slanderous peckers that pry
Into *Character's* trees, bring destruction among
The most useful and good—by their Gossiping Tongue.

XI.

No Ant-eaters, when by their terrible claws
They have torn up the ant-hills, protrude from their jaws
A more glutinous, death-dealing organ to catch
The poor termites, or formican hosts they dispatch;*
Than that deadly, and slimy, and slanderous thing,
Which, to ants spell'd with U, oft great ruin doth bring;
And to Uncles, and all other friends that have clung,
Like the ants, 'gainst their will, to that Gossiping Tongue.

XII.

Slimy Toads, though most loathsome to look at, 'tis true,
Do great service to man; and this service they do
By their tongues' rapid motion,† whereby they can kill
Insect pests that our gardens and fields would else fill.
But, unlike those batrachians, those of *our* race—
The vile toads that keep croaking out slander, disgrace
And destroy their own kind; for on *these* they have flung
All the murderous darts of their Gossiping Tongue.

---

* The Great Ant-eater, or Ant-Bear, (Myrmecophaga jubata,) although so large an animal, feeds, exclusively, on the insects here mentioned; namely, Ants (Formica,) and Termites (Termes,) improperly called "White Ants." It catches those insects in multitudes, by protruding its long, wormlike, and glutinous tongue, which is about eighteen inches in length, and allowing the ants or termites to run over its adhesive surface, when its powerful claws have torn the ant-hills which abound in Brazil, and other South American countries to which the Ant-eater is indigenous.

† Both the Toad (Bufo vulgaris,) and the Frog (Rana temporaria,) are not only perfectly harmless, but very useful, creatures, in destroying large numbers of insects, worms, and slugs. This they do by the power they possess of darting out their glutinous tongues upon their prey, with almost lightning-like rapidity, and generally unerring aim.

GREEN-EYED, OR ENVIOUS, GOSSIP: ITS HEARTLESS LIBELS IN CASES OF REJECTED LOVE.

XIII.

How many true Lovers, far dearer than life
To each other—as well as fond Husband and Wife—
Have been cruelly sever'd, without any cause,
By the envious whispers of slanderous jaws!
The low hiss of the snakes in those murderous holes,
Has slain the sweet peace of innumerous souls,
Who in mutual fondness and confidence clung
To each other, till hearing the Gossiping Tongue.

XIV.

When envy and jealousy fail to secure
The pure love which they never deserved—then to lure
The true hearts that it blesses, to mutual woe,
There's no plot ever plann'd by worst demons below,
Deem'd too dreadful or damning for them to employ,
If their innocent victims they can but decoy
To that hell of *distrust* into which have been flung
Truest lovers, for life—by the Gossiping Tongue.

XV.

In seeking to sever such fond hearts, the fiend
By the mask of true friendship too often is screen'd:
And not seldom as even an Angel of Light,
In the robes of Religion, endeavours to blight
Every blissful affection of those in whose ears
Innuendoes are whispered, engendering fears
That till death wring the heart—as they always *have* ——
Every dupe who gave ear to a Gossiping Tongue.

XVI.

The holiest love that has ever yet fill'd
The most faithful of bosoms—although never kill'd,
(For, no matter *how* treated, *true* love never dies!)
Yet, alas! when deceived by the libeller's lies—
It too often in angry impulsiveness makes
Sudden vows to be free, and new idols then takes
To the poor broken heart, where, still worshipp'd, is hung
The loved Image so wrong'd by the Gossiping Tongue.

XVII.

Male and female IAGOS, by thousands, still lure—
Each some fair DESDEMONA and true-hearted Moor,
To their mutual ruin, by piercing their hearts
With suspicion's and jealousy's poisonous darts.
And as long as Love lists to such sirens, or fellows,
DESDEMONAS will be—if not *slain* by OTHELLOS,
Sever'd from them for life; and *both* lovers be wrung
By remorse, that they hark'd to the Gossiping Tongue.

GOD-DISHONOURING, SECTARIAN GOSSIP: AND THE CURSED CONSEQUENCES OF ITS BIGOTED BACKBITING.

XVIII.

You have seen the vain Turkey-cock's fury arouse—
And sometimes even that of the gentlest of Cows—
At the sight of red garments; and felt, as you've fled,
Much astonished to see their wild rage at the red.
But at "*Christians*" you wonder still more, when their eyes
You find flaring with fury at all kinds of dyes,
Save their own party hues: and you long from among
The fierce bigots to flee—and their Gossiping Tongue.

XIX.

But that horrid El-hajè, (6) wherever you flee,
Unlike all other snakes, will pursue you, and be
On your track day and night, if your eyes it elude,
Till your character dies by its poison imbued ;
Or your Church, and its usefulness, too, it has killed.
But, so long as you *face* it, with fear 'twill be filled :
For though millions of people the reptile has stung—
A vile coward, when faced, is the Gossiping Tongue.

XX.

The fondest of sisters should surely be free
To get married, and have their own houses ; and be—
Whether married or single —untrammell'd by rules
That in workhouses, nunn'ries, and orphanage schools,
And in prisons prescribe *uniformity's* dinner—
And its dress, and demeanour for saint and for sinner—
Sick or well, or whate'er be their tastes—old or young ;
As cramp'd bigotry does, by its Gossiping Tongue.

XXI.

But as well might each fond-hearted sister and brother
Find fault with, and backbite, and hate one another,
For taking to *her*self, or *him*self, a mate—
Or new home, or new dress ; as GOD'S *children* should hate,
Blame, or beat one another with bigotry's birches,
For worshipping God in the Chapels or Churches
Most dear to their hearts ; or appearing among
Them in robes not prescribed by its Gossiping Tongue.

XXII.

Some half dozen Paddys—as Paddys will do—
Stood staring one day at an edifice new,
Of hexagonal form : and they looked so amazed,
The old owner cried out, at the window, half crazed—
"Begone, idle fellows ! my house do you take
For a *Church* ?"—"*Yis,* yer honor, we made that mistake,
Till the Divil peep'd out at the windee, and sung
Sich a Psalm !"—Paddy "shut up" *that* Gossiping Tor

XXIII.

The touchy attorney—for such by profession
Was the gent who provoked, by his angry aggression,
That scathing rebuke from the sharp son of Erin—
Deserved it e'en less than each bigot whom, herein,
We rebuke for his *Christless*, Sectarian leaven :
For no Fane can be deem'd a true Temple of Heaven,
In which bigotry's demon resides, or has flung
Through its windows one curse from his Gossiping Tongue.

XXIV.

Christian Creeds of all colours with love we can view,
In the great *Fundamentals* of Faith that are true :
And whether Dissenting, or State-Church, or Free,
Our different Churches or Chapels may be,
To them all we are lib'ral, if proof they but give,
That they act on the maxim—to "Live and let live."
But if Bigotry's backbiting bell should be rung
In our ears, we despise its vile Gossiping Tongue.

XXV.

That demon of discord disgusteth our ear,
Which keeps longing the echoes of Heaven to hear,
In the Seraph-like accents of brotherly love—
When *sincere* and *soul-cherished* on earth, as above.
Every symptom of fraternization we see
Between Creeds that in soul-saving doctrines agree,
We most joyfully hail : yet, we spurn it when stung
By *deception*, and treachery's Gossiping Tongue.

XXVI.

But we've loathed it with sicken'd and holy disgust,
When with hypocrite smiles it invited our trust
In the 'friendship' low cunning and falsehood had feign'd,
That its selfish and narrow-soul'd aims might be gain'd.
Christian union we love, but we'll ne'er be the dupe,
Or cat's-paw, of the bigots who shamefully stoop
To the meanness of smiling, so falsely, among
The kind friends whom they foul with their Gossiping Tongue.

XXVII.

At each note of this honest, satirical song,
There are men * who will wince—not because of the wrong
That they've aim'd at inflicting on Churches and friends ;
But the shame, or the pang, that exposure attends.
Far away they are now (and the farther the better,)
From some Churches they slandered by lingo and letter :
But their pride, and their priestly ambition, among
God's worst foes we must rank—with their Gossiping Tongue.

XXVIII.

Detractors, too often, both *cleric* and *lay*,
You will meet *in all Churches*—however they pray,
And keep prating about Christian love ; and we might
Crafty types of both groups soon drag into your sight.
Narrow bigots in heart, to your face they pretend
To be friendly to all who the Gospel befriend :
While all Fanes but their own, when they leave you—as dung,
They delight to degrade with their Gossiping Tongue.

XXIX.

'Tis true, in these cases, at least as a rule,
Such bigots, when *clerics*, belong to the school
Of those *sub*-mediocrities Nature designed
To be anything rather than guides of mankind.
Men of boundless conceit, but diminutive brain—
Very pigmies that over e'en giants would reign ;
But whose vanity, *check'd*, secret slanders has slung,
In its impotent rage, by its Gossiping Tongue.

XXX.

Not a few we have known of such ministers, who,
Having proved how the pulpit can empty the pew,
By its oral defects and confusion of thought,
By anonymous scribbling to fill it have sought.
To assist them in stealing—though mostly in vain—
Sheep and lambs from the fold of each worthier Fane,
Surreptitious abuse on its pastors they've flung,
By their dastardly pens, and their Gossiping Ton

* Half a dozen, at the least.

XXXI.

But among all the cowardly creatures who've done
Those contemptibly scandalous things, there are none
So basely conspicuous as the "D. D's."
Who by money and schemes have got foreign* degrees.
In our song on the Jackdaw conceitedly dress'd
In Dove's feathers, † we've shown how our country is bless'd
By sham "Doctors" of different kinds; but we've sung
Our rebukes with no slanderous Gossiping Tongue.

XXXII.

Book advertisements long have appeared in a "Weekly"—
The "*C—U—*" is its name—and it tells us, uniquely,
(We hope, *not* for the paper's own fame a fatality,)
Of the poor "Lower Animals' [what?] *Immorality!*"
While meant every week to keep only proclaiming,
That the brutes are *Immortal*—the creatures 'twas *shaming*.‡
Thus, the "*Doctors*" are shamed, to false honors who've clung,
And sought fame through the Newspapers' Gossiping Tongue.

---

* No foreign University, as such, is here reflected on: and certainly no slight is intended for any of the *bona fide*, and justly eminent, seats of learning in foreign countries. The only "Universities" aimed at are those sham and disreputable ones, which—to use the great Dr. Johnson's satirical pun—"grow rich by degrees;" that is to say, *not gradually*, as the purposely-ancipital phrase might seem to imply; but by *selling* them: and those more reputable, but culpably unwary, ones, that permit themselves to be gulled into conferring their degrees and diplomas upon unworthy recipients of such scholastic honours. In other words, upon shallow and ambitious men, whose inordinate and overweening vanity systematically puffs its owners' superficial attainments and *sub*-mediocre merits, in magazines and newspapers; or gets others to do so for them, either in the public Press, or in private, and very often, *interested*, testimonials.

† This satirical poem is the last in this little volume.

‡ The actual words in the advertisement, are—"The *Immorality* of the Lower Animals."

XXXIII.

The "Divinity Doctors" to whom we refer,
In this place, we must say, (lest our readers should err,
By mistaking our meaning,) are not the *good* men
Who have proved themselves worthy by preaching, and pen,
And high mental endowments, and learning, of *any*
University's highest Degrees: and full many—
Who'd scorn to go *buy* them—have got them, among
Honoured friends, who hate *shams*, and their Gossiping Tongue.

XXXIV.

If men think other folk they've a *right* to attack,
Why steal like a brigand to plunge in their back,
The murderous steel of a slander so base,
That its cowardice trembles its victims to face.
To meet them with courage that shirks not the law,
Nor fair play, and their swords in defence bid them draw,
Would be spunky, at least, and in praise might be sung,
Of the poltroons who stab with a Gossiping Tongue.

XXXV.

But they act not alone, in their treacherous work—
Laic "Halls" you'll find leagued with each *clerical* "Burke,"
All in secret endeav'ring to kill the good name
Of the Churches and persons they long to defame.
Those kidnapping monsters* who murdered, of yore,
Many people—'tis true, men may execrate more
Than the *Church*† Burkes and Halls, who deserve to be swung,
Scarcely less, for their murderous Gossiping Tongue.

---

* The grim and shocking story of those inhuman providers of "subjects" for the dissecting tables of the Doctors, (who *then* found it vastly more difficult to procure subjects than now,) is too well known to require any further reference here, to the murderers, Burke and Hall and their accomplices.

† If the exigencies of the metre had not hindered him from doing so, the author would certainly have added the word *Chapel* to "Church," in this line, and with fully as much emphasis. For he *now* ai particular persons or denominations; but in a general way tiously rebukes slanderous Gossiping—whether expressed pen, or type—no matter what person or party perpetrates ecclesiastical body permits it to pass with impunity.

XXXVI.

Nor should we forget, in their aims to destroy
All they envy and hate—they astutely employ,
Like their kidnapping prototypes, *women* of keen
And insatiate longing for labours so mean.
Those well-trained *decoy ducks* swim out and swim in,
And keep quacking away their poor victims to win
To the nets that await them, till these have been sprung,
And enclosed them as prey of the Gossiping Tongue.

XXXVII.

Nay, more—*other nets* they both weave, and delight
To see suddenly used in the slanderous fight,
By their would-be-thought Champions of Heavenly Truth,
Who, like Rome's gladiators, know nothing of ruth.
To kill reputations, together they've come !
And the champions rejoice, at *the turn'd-down thumb* (8)
Of the savage-soul'd dames, when the net has been flung
O'er each victim transfixed by the Gossiping Tongue.

XXXVIII.

Some dames who've in Christian profession grown old,
And whose poor defunct husbands have left them much gold ;
Seem to think it consistent with Christian profession,
To lay out large sums in the Gossip aggression !
Near neighbours and distant they turn into *spies*,
To keep watch on each other with villainous eyes :
And, as pious detectives, the old and the young
They have drill'd for the corps of the Gossiping Tongue !*

XXXIX.

Those horrible monsters, the Lamiæ, (9) who,
Though with speech unendow'd, to destruction could woo
Their doom'd victims, by hissing seductively, and
By assuming the charms of a woman of bland,
Irresistible beauty—more protean power
To impose upon all whom they long'd to devour,
Did never possess o'er the old or the young,
Than *our* Lamiæ now—of the Gossiping Tongue.

* The author has been thoroughly acquainted with literal cases of this kind.

XL.

Half women, half serpents, of aspect most hideous,
Ancient Lamiæ were, when unchanged to perfidious
Though lovely, enticers: and from execration
Nought else could have saved them, than such transformation.
Thus, too, would be hated those *seeming* good creatures,
If not mask'd by Religion's and Friendship's sweet features;
That conceal their own natural horrors from young
And old victims—decoyed by their Gossiping Tongue.

XLI.

Grecian history tells of a woman, whose fame
Was most sullied, but who, notwithstanding her shame,
Set a noble example—at least, in one matter—
To all sinners and "saints" who love calumny's chatter.
Well knowing her tongue was much given to gab,
LEÆNA herself *bit it off*, lest 'twould *blab*
Her imperill'd friends' secrets!* So, thousands among
Purer praters, should bite off their Gossiping Tongue.

XLII.

Till those long-tongued giraffes of our race, either thus
Do bite off their own tongues—or they're shortened by us—
The loftiest leaves of their neighbours' repute,
Long-neck'd slander can reach, they'll drag down; as the brute
In the African wilds, that here lends them its name,
By its lingual and collumnar length does the same
With the leaves on the highest acacias hung:†
But *that* beast—*unlike ours*—has no Gossiping Tongue.

---

* See the account of the conspiracy against Hipparchus and Hippias, by Aristogiton and Harmodious, who delivered Athens from the Pisistratidæ.

† The Giraffe, or Camelopard, (*Camelopardalis Giraffa*,) has a very extensible and prehensile tongue, with which, assisted by its muscular and flexible upper lip, it draws down the leaves and tender branches of the Acacia, its most favourite food. Its great height, for it is the tallest of all quadrupeds (its head, when erect, standing seventeen feet from the ground, enables it to reach the foliage, which its tongue winds around, and pulls down.

XLIII.

After all, we would rarely commend *mordication*,
Till the last hope had perished of Tongue reformation.
But a plant called the *Dumb Cane*, (10) we think might as well
Be applied: for, although 'twould the tongue greatly swell,
And for days give great pain—besides speech quite suspending;
A few trials would probably bring to an ending,
E'en the prate and espionage which we have sung,
For *some* dames who pay well for the Gossiping Tongue!

XLIV.

Were none but the openly bad and profane
To practise such crimes, and their neighbours to train
In the cowardly arts of detraction, where those
Whom they slander are absent,—to brand them as foes
To both Heaven and Earth, were our duty, 'tis true:
But as *innocent* enemies, them we must view,
Compared with all *Christian professors* who've stung
Even *one* honest heart, with their Gossiping Tongue.

XLV.

No doubt, many think that the very best way
Their own reputation to save, is to slay
The good name of another—ay, e'en of the friend
In whose presence the sland'rous assassins would bend
With obsequious cringing and flatt'ry, whose smile,
To the honest and good, would be equally vile:
But more traitorous slaves there were never yet hung,
Than the smilers who kill with a Gossiping Tongue.

XLVI.

Such blinded fanatics do even deceive
Their own souls by the falsehood they firmly believe,
That *'tis doing* GOD *service*, their malice to glut,
When the character, conduct, or motives they smut,
Of all who their dictates and dogmas refuse:
And, as primitive Christians, by Christ-hating Jews,
Into dungeons and death "*for* GOD's *glory*" were flung—
The same motive *now* slays with a Gossiping Tongue.

GOSSIP IS RUINOUS TO GODLINESS, AND TO THE HAPPINESS, HONOUR, AND USEFULNESS OF BOTH THE MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF ALL CHURCHES; WHETHER ITS EVIL MOTIVES BE SECTARIAN, PERSONAL, OR GENERAL.

XLVII.

But whether 'tis *envy* and *malice* incite
To the slanders in which the destroyers delight;
Or *hope* to be raised on the ruin they bring
To the victims on whom they clandestinely fling
Their peace-killing poison; or, whether they deal
Out their venom with fell and fanatical zeal,
"*For the glory of* GOD;" both the old and the young
Should detest and denounce every Gossiping Tongue!

XLVIII.

The wasp, and the hornet, and scorpion we dread;
And from these puny things the most fearless have fled;
While the sight of the rattle-snake, adder, or asp,
Fills our bosoms with horror: and yet we will clasp
The fell hand of more venomous things, and make room
In our hearts for the snakes that most threaten our doom:
For the *deadliest* reptile that crawleth among
Either Churches or homes, is—a Gossiping Tongue.

XLIX.

Alas! while we glance o'er the period between
Early youth and life's riper and sombreing scene;
What a number of wrecks meet our horrified eyes,
Of the happiest hearts that once sailed for the Skies!
What multitudes, too, drift away from the Shrine
They would *still* love to kneel at, and deem it Divine;
Had their honour, truth, virtue, and peace not been stu
Sanctimonious snakes! by *your* Gossiping Tongue!

L.

In Church and in Chapel—Pew, Pulpit, and Class, (11)
How brightly love burns! but how quickly the gas
Of that *public* display of such love's "turn'd off,"
When *some* "saints" get in groups, at their neighbours to scoff!
Dark tales about others they tell and endorse—
False, or true—without pity, or proof, or remorse;
Till the *fallen*—to ruin they've fiendishly flung;
While the *faithful and good* flee their Gossiping Tongue!

LI.

In the famed "School for Scandal" in Theatres played, (12)
No professional players have ever betrayed—
In their efforts their neighbours' good name to destroy—
Half the gusto, or half the delectable joy,
Of those *Theonite* * actors on *Piety's* stage,
Whose *private* theatricals show such a rage
For detraction; and who to oblivion have flung
Lady Teazle & Co., by their Gossiping Tongue.

LII.

Not even that young, irrepressible dame,
(Who, for mere love of fun, was a killer of fame,)
Nor that whole brood of poisonous serpents of hell,
BRINSLEY SHERIDAN'S genius has pictured so well;
Sir Benjamin Backbite, and sly *Mrs. Candour*,
And (viper the chief,) *Lady Sneerwell*—at slander
Could vie with the would-be-thought "*saints*" we have sung,
In this *too truthful* lay, called a Gossiping Tongue.

LIII.

But among those Church-amateur actors you'll never
Find one *Joseph* Surface, of course, to endeavour—
By canting hypocrisy, slyer and sweeter
Than Satan's—to sully the wife of Sir Peter,
And wheedle her generous husband. Such holy
Rascality, *now* cannot be; or 'tis, solely,
Still charged to poor *Charles*—until he has flung
Down "the screen," and belied the "saints'" Gossiping Tongue!

* THEON was one of the most scurrillous and slanderous revilers among the ancients.

LIV.

O CHARLEY ! thou wild, reckless, rollicking youth !
Strange compound of folly, love, honor and truth,
And impulsive good-nature that loved to be kind
To the good and the bad ; with improvidence—blind
To the wrong and the ruin it brought in its train ;
Whate'er be thy sins, faults, and follies, we're fain
To regard them as *virtues* whose praise should be sung—
Compared with the crimes of the Gossiping Tongue !

GOOD REASONS FOR THE AUTHOR'S SATIRICAL GOSSIP; AND SLANDEROUS OBJECTIONS TO IT, ANTICIPATED AND ANSWERED.

LV.

Are there any who say, "'Tis an *enemy's* thrust,
By a hand that would draggle the Church in the dust ?"
That "A *scoffer* who loves at Religion to sneer,
Holds it up to the scorn of all worldlings here ?
That "scoffer" will deign *this* reply to the charge :—
True Religion has not, in the whole world at large,
A friend more sincere than the bard who has sung,
To rebuke *its worst foes*, for their Gossiping Tongue !

LVI.

No people on earth are so dear to that bard,
Whose Heaven-grown Birch has been hitting so hard,
As the children of GOD—be they wealthy, or poor :
While *no* class of men could his homage secure,
So much as the true Gospel Shepherds who show
That they love, like their LORD, the *Chief Shepherd*, to go
After wandering sheep ; and to heal the hearts stung
By the cockatrice crew with the Gossiping Tongue.

LVII.

Believing the GOSPEL OF CHRIST is the grand
Panacea for all human ills that have bann'd
This sin-blighted world—he spurns all reliance
On Penalties, Politics, "Progress," and Science,
And Social Reforms; nay, on everything foes
To Religion rely on, to lessen Earth's woes;
Till, *bless'd* BY *Religion*, as jewels they're hung
Round that Gospel disgraced by the Gossiping Tongue!

LVIII.

No punitive statutes by Senates decreed,
Nor political nostrums on which they're agreed,
Nor plans of progressive improvement,—nor even
Education itself, *sans* the teaching of HEAVEN;
Can a man, or a nation, from sin and the Devil
Protect; or uplift him to Virtue's high level.
'Tis THE GOSPEL ALONE that can save old or young,
From *all evils*, as well as the Gossiping Tongue.

LIX.

That tongue, an inspired Apostle makes known,
"Is a world of iniquity!" nay, he has shown
It defiles the "whole body," and "setteth the course
Of all Nature itself upon fire:" and its force,
In such wide-spread destruction, (we ne'er should forget,)
Comes from *this*:—"On the flame of hell's fire it is set!"
But, although by Saint JAMES thus its death-knell was rung—*
Both the Church and the World spared the Gossiping Tongue.

LX.

To help to extinguish that hell-kindled fire,
That devours the whole Church, our satirical lyre—
In mercy, *not malice*—pours out all its waves
Of rebuke, on the craven and cowardly knaves
Who shrink from the perils of *public* abuse,
Their victims *in private* to tear and traduce;
And who heap up the fagots so piously flung
On all Characters charr'd by their Gossiping Tongue.

* James III. 5, 6. See also verses 7—11.

LXI.

If anyone ask—"Has a Christian the right,
E'en against the worst slanderers, *hate* to excite?"
Our plain and immediate answer is, "No!"
But, since to mankind a more dangerous foe
Never lived in this world, *it* IS *right*, as a scourge,
And a pest, all such foes to denounce; and to urge—
That e'en "*man-eating tigers*," less dreaded among
Any people should be, than a Gossiping Tongue.

LXII.

If those fierce, anthropophagous foes love to feast,
With a *special* delight on *our species*, each beast
From *necessity* does so, when growing too old
Nimbler prey in the jungle to pounce on, or hold. (13)
But the tigers who prey on their neighbours' *repute*,
Have not e'en that excuse of the felidine brute
That feeds on fat Hindoos: so, ere they have sprung
On their prey—we should hunt down their Gossiping Tongue.

LXIII.

Besides, the old adage is true as 'tis brief,
Which says—"The *receiver's* as bad as the *thief*:"
And each *list'ner* is *particeps criminis* in—
On the very same grounds—every slanderer's sin.
If none would *receive* stolen goods, then the trade
Of the thief would die out: and short work would be made
Of the scandals that millions of bosoms have stung—
If *all* stopp'd their ears 'gainst the Gossiping Tongue.

GARBLED OR MISQUOTED GOSSIP.

LXIV.

The gossiping gadabouts seldom relate
Any tale as they heard it, but either abate,
Or augment it; and thus by the rule of Subtraction,
Or Addition, so alter scene, motive, and action,
And *dramatis personæ*, that those who first told it,
Wouldn't know their own Child, if their eyes could behold
The very next day: 'twas so changed while amon
The glib, *Circean* gang with the Gossiping Tong

LXV.

A story most harmless may be at the first—
But when handed about, like a babe, to be nurs'd
By all classes of people, it soon gets defiled,
And diseased, like the cleanest and healthiest child,
That is borne in the arms and the bosoms of those
Who are foul and infectious in person and clothes:
For *all* tales get diseased, around which have been flung
The foul arms of most folk who've a Gossiping Tongue.

LXVI.

If *well*-meaning gossips, who—though so loquacious—
Are neither malicious themselves, nor ungracious,
Would only remember, most talkers disparage
And vilify others; and that, "by their carriage,
Tales mostly lose nothing" but *truth*; while, like snow
That's made into a ball, if set rolling, they'll grow—
Not alone very large, but oft dirty as dung—
Fewer snowballs they'd make for each Gossiping Tongue.

God's Children should Pray that all Slanderous Gossips may be Converted and Forgiven; but should never cease to denounce their Calumnies, while they impenitently persist in the perpetration of Crimes, so Perilous to the Peace and Usefulness of the Church of Christ, and all its Members.

LXVII.

In the Anglican Litany (loved and admired
By all true Christian scholars, who never grow tired
Of applauding its spirit, and beauty, and love—
Comprehensive as Earth and as Heaven above;)
We pray that our slanderers may be forgiven;
And *that* prayer is the echo and teaching of Heaven;
And Christ used it Himself, on the Cross when He hung—
Though *the most wronged of all*, by the Gossiping Tongue. (14)

LXVIII.

But, while praying all *backbiters* GOD may convert ;
Still, while slander they practice, their fullest desert,
As the very worst foes of mankind, we are bound
To award them.—This, HEAVEN ITSELF with profound
Indignation has done : and if any object
To the course *we* have taken, perhaps they'll respect
The plain proofs we supply at the end, from among
HEAVEN'S protests against every Gossiping Tongue. (15)

LXIX.

But the plan we would most recommend to the World,
And the Church—if they wish to see Gossiping hurl'd
From its vantage position mankind to disgrace,
And degrade, and destroy—is to bring *face to face*,
The maligned and maligners, ere lending an ear
To one word which the *latter* would tempt them to hear.
By enforcing this rule, *we* have frequently flung
Both confusion and fear on the Gossiping Tongue.

LXX.

But whether the *World* any measures adopt
To suppress it, or not—it, at least, should be stopped
In the whole Christian Church : And it is *as a whole*,
We appeal to it here, not alone to control,
But *to cast out for ever*, a nuisance more dread
Than the worst miasmata fell fevers that spread :
For the foulest of airs that destroy heart or lung,
Should be dreaded far less than a Gossiping Tongue.

LXXI.

To the Church we have faithfully now given warning,
But if anyone *still* dare to charge us with *scorning* ;
Because in true colours we honestly paint
The detestable phiz of each would-be-thought saint,
Who as ogre, or ogress,* doth secretly prey
On the Church and her children ; we've only to say :—
To save *both*, our satirical song we have sung—
And to scourge *pseudo* saints, for their Gossiping Tongue.

* Fabulous male and female monsters of the East, who were be[lieved] to devour human beings.

LXXII.

O SAVIOUR ! Thy *true* Saints we love them, and well !
But as for those *counterfeits*—mercy to hell,
We would ask—*if* to pray for the damn'd we could dare;*
That all the lost spirits in suffering there,
Even *there* might be saved from that treacherous crew,
Who the slanderers' path to perdition pursue :
For *doubly* hell's hosts will be damn'd, if among
The poor wretches—*such* "saints" bring their GOSSIPING TONGUE !

---

* In order to preclude even the possibility of any misinterpretation, or misrepresentation, of these *conditional* words about interceding for the lost ; the author feels it his duty to state, in the most unambiguous and emphatic manner, that *he* does *not* believe in prayers for the dead. The Holy Word of God, which is the *only* guide he has ever acknowledged or accepted in such matters ; and which, from his earliest days, he has always believed to be the *only reliable*, as well as *all-sufficient* source of saving, spiritual knowledge ; has never permitted him to *pray* for any disembodied spirit, or to be gulled and duped by the fabled, and money-making, doctrine of a priest-invented purgatory. As to the awful doctrine of *Hell*, he feels convinced of the truth of all which the Bible has revealed on the subject ; and therefore can come to no other conclusion, than that which points to the *irremediably* lost condition of all the unhappy souls, who, (despite of the Almighty's tenderly-proffered mercy, and the All-Atoning Sacrifice of the Saviour, for the sins of the Whole World), have *forced* themselves into the place of torment, by their persistent impenitence and unbelief.

END OF THE GOSSIPING TONGUE.

"

MRS. ANSE

This is an authentic,
ual Pair of *Sprawlers*; or
used as a capital illustrat
therefore, be most appro

One Mrs. Anse
Her name's t
Is one whose h
With love an
Her neighbour
So *she* has vo
It ought to be,
To preach to th
Kind visits, a
Known by t

"Good mornir
"Good morr
Had scarce bee
She show'd a
Why I have ca
(But here he
And wiped her
Or else a drunl
Your days, Et
Where *drink*

III.

"'Tis true, I have not *often* seen
You tipsy—but there's not a *man*
Upon this earth, who e'er has been
To drunk'ness giv'n, the liquor can,
With safety, either touch or taste:
Not e'en as *Med'cine*—as some do,
Till health and hope and life they waste:
Then *sign this Pledge* before you placed,
And many, *seeing you*, will haste,
With joy, to sign it—AFTER YOU!"

IV.

Poor Dowley heard the lecture out;
Then, with a solemn face, replied—
"I know you're *right*, ma'am, and, no doubt,
"I *should* be damn'd, if drunk I died!
Oh Missus, dear! you're *very* kind,
And your advice I'll take it, too:
But, since 'the *blind* can't *lead* the blind,'
Lest in the ditch we *both* should find
Ourselves upset—*I'll* walk *behind*,
And take the Pledge, ma'am—'AFTER YOU!'"

V.

"*Good manners*, ma'am, I wont neglect;
So, since *you've led* the way *in falling*—
In rising you'll win my respect,
By *signing first*, to keep from *sprawling!*
Ah! do not say, ma'am, with that scowl—'He
Is *insolent!*' for, though *my* view
A *mote* has dimm'd, and sometimes foully
Makes me to play at rowley-bowley;
Your mote's a *beam!* So, therefore Dowley
Will take the Pledge, ma'am—'AFTER YOU!'"

VI.

In shame her head "the lady" hung—
All women think they're *ladies, now,*
Around whose necks gold chains are strung—
No matter from what tree or bough
The "*slips*" were cut, or *where* they sprouted,
Ere they into such grandeur grew;
Or what hypocrisy they've spouted;
Or how they've play'd the *spy,* till scouted,
And scorn'd by all who wished them routed
Far from the scene of—"AFTER YOU!"

VII.

Still, though we scorn all such deceit,
And spurn all sland'rous spies, whoever
May think we're *ungallant*'; 'tis meet,
To say—the Temperance Pledge we never
Have blamed; but always with delight
Have seen it taken, when we knew,
That those who took it—wench, or wight,
Or rich, or poor—*without it* might
Go wrong: or, when from getting "*tight,*"
'Twould *others* save, by—"AFTER YOU!"

VIII.

The yarn about poor Mrs. Anser
And Mr. Dowley, which we've spun,
Is no mere tale of a romancer,
But one that's *true*: yet, ere we've done—
We hope 'twill cure *her* tipling, slander,
And plots to injure neighbours who,
With scorn, refuse to her to pander:
For though the goose got all her "dander"
And feathers up against the gander,
She *quail'd* as *he* hiss'd—"AFTER YOU!"

IX.

Whate'er *his* tipling habits were,
(And all such habits *we* denounce,)
They seem less vile than in the fair,
Would-be reformer, he did trounce,
So justly, in his honest candour,
(As all, like him, should ever do:)
Nor has she, since, been known to hand her
Teetotal Pledge-Book (which has bann'd her,)
To any folks who understand her,
And might repeat—"*Ma'am*, 'AFTER YOU!'"

"I LIKES TO BE DESPISED;"

OR,

MAW-WORM'S MOCK HUMILITY:

AND THE CRIMES OF OTHER

CHARACTERS WHO DESERVE CONTEMPT.

I.

"*I likes to be despised!*" said one
Of the "HYPOCRITE'S" Dramatis
Personæ; and poor *Maw-worm* won
Th' unenviable bliss
Of being *much* despised, as all
Such hypocrites should be:
But Oh! what multitudes still call
For scorn, as well as he—
And strive to "be despised!"

II.

Yet, though like him they've laboured long,
To win the World's contempt;
Perhaps from scorning in our song,
They'd rather be exempt.
But whether *here* they "*likes*," or not,
"To be despised;" they'll gain
Their full desert in every jot
That claims the World's disdain,
And bids them "be despised!"

III.

First in the train, the recreant bard
To whom commission's given,
The cause of Truth and Right to guard
With weapons forged in Heaven;
But who with timid prudence flings
His armour down, or goes—
With traitor zeal—and basely sings
For Truth's and Virtue's foes:—
Oh! be the wretch "despised!"

IV.

Gird on thy panoply, my Muse,
Though weaker be thine arm
Than that of hosts of bards who choose
To doff it in alarm.
Vice in its various forms engage;
God *will* defend the Right;
Though men may frown, and demons rage,
Come, drag into the light,
Those who should "be despised!"

V.

That worse than nuisance in the world,
Self-dubb'd "a gentle-*man*!"
With hair and beard so neatly curl'd,
And wanting but a fan,
And crinoline, and shaven face,
To be a libel on
The sex whose honour to debase
He aims,—by every one,
Both good and bad's "despised!"

VI.

And ah! that strange monstrosity
That wears the form divine,
Of *Woman*—but in whom we see,
Of virtue little sign:

The forward, if not foul, coquette,
Who flirts with every fop,
That with his fellow-fops are set
To ruin her—but stop!
By *them* the flirt's "despised!"*

VII.

The heartless wretch who sneaks away
From all that should be dear—
Home, wife, and children—with the gay
And dissolute, to cheer,
Or drown his tortured conscience in
The cursèd bowl; while she
He swore to love, weeps o'er his sin,
In silent secrecy—
E'en by *himself's* "despised!"

VIII.

The thoughtless, or the reckless, wife,
And mother, too, who spends
Her husband's means, and plagues his life—
Perchance his children sends
To beggary at last, when she
Sinks him in hopeless debt,
By love of dress and gaiety,
Herself will surely get—
In life and death—"despised!"

IX.

Mark well the man whose sordid soul
No aid his country yields,
When *there* oppression's billows roll
Destruction o'er its fields;
Or e'en into the spoiler's hands
Its guardian patriots sells;
Then takes the price—their forfeit lands;
Where'er the *Judas* dwells,
He'll be by *all* "despised!"

* See separate poem on "THE FLIRT,"—Page 54.

X.

There are that love to crush the weak,
And trample on the poor,—
The more their victims fail to wreak
Their vengeance, and endure
The wrongs that cruel tyrants heap
Around their footsteps now;
But Justice, though she seems to sleep,
Will rouse and show them how
Oppressors are "despised!"

XI.

The man or woman who doth climb
From ev'n the lowest grade
Of social meanness, *without crime*,
And by some honest trade,
Or lawful calling—up to high
Renown, or wealth and pow'r;
Yet, who from pride and scorn doth fly—
Should, till life's latest hour,
Be HONOUR'D—*not "despised!"*

XII.

But if—when such prosperity
Rich parvenues has rigg'd,
The pit's deep hole of meanness be
Forgot, whence they were digg'd:
And upstart pride looks down with scorn
On poorer folks,—then, though
Bright golden wings the grubs adorn,
Once hatched in holes so low,—
They'll always "be despised!"

XIII.

When either town or country in—
Like tigers in their lair—
Despite the mean and damning sin,
A knave professing prayer
And piety to love, doth lie
In wait to slander friends,
And proves on all *a sordid spy*,
And hearts and Churches rends—
He's hated and "despised!"

XIV.

When men of genius use the wit
And gifts that GOD has given,
In ways too reckless to befit
The fiends that fell from Heaven;
And spurn, with atheistic feet,
The Christian and his GOD;
Or jest about the Judgment Seat;
Or say that "man's a clod;"—
They *ought* "to be despised!"

XV.

But *more than all the World beside*,
The man that desecrates,
With upstart, sacrilegious pride,
The *pulpit* where he *prates*
Of love, alike to friends and foes,
And *humbleness*; but then,
All week *turns up his haughty nose*,
And sneers at lowly men:
He's *sure* "to be despised!"

XVI.

The pastoral office we esteem;
And reverence, as we should,
The men who fill it, when we deem
Them *honest* men and *good*.
But *hypocrites* whose bosoms swell
With "*cleric dignity*"—
That cobweb *mask* for pride of hell—
HEAVEN, Hell, and Earth, and *We*,
Say—"LET THEM 'BE DESPISED!'"*

* This little poem (including the last two stanzas,) was written several years before the author himself voluntarily sacrificed his much more lucrative position in the scientific world, in order to enter the Christian Ministry. The sentiments to which he has given expression in the concluding Stanzas, respecting the Pastoral Office, were, therefore, first felt by him as a *layman*; and any modification which they have undergone since he became a clergyman, has been entirely in the direction of intensified hatred to all priestly pride, and to that dangerous delusion which thinks that any dignity entitles a Christian Minister to the affectionate respect of the people, so much as the Christ-like dignity of humility and love.

OH CHIDE HER NOT.*

"He that is without sin among you, let *him* first cast a stone at her."—THE REDEEMER.

I.

Oh chide her not! her heart is breaking,
Although the *laugh* is on her lips,
For ev'n each smile on them awaking,
More clearly shows her soul's eclipse.
There's *anguish* in those smiles sardonic;
There's mourning in her loudest mirth:
Though fain from eyes and ears Platonic,
They'd hide the woe that gives them birth.

II.

Oh chide her not! the light that's *seeming*
To fill with joy her laughing eyes,
Is but the glare of tapers, beaming
From vaults where death in darkness lies.
Her light is like the phosphorescence,
Round lifeless fish at night that plays;
It proves the *absence* of life's essence,
And *real* joy's *departed* rays.

III.

Oh chide her not! 'twill only harden,
Still more and more, her heart in wrong;
As doth the *trampling* of a garden,
Whose soil has lain neglected long.
If pois'nous weeds, in sinners growing,
Rude anger's hands try to uproot—
Far more luxuriant they'll be blowing,
And deadlier far will be their fruit.

---

* This little poem, unlike most others in these pages, is in no sense satirical.

IV.

Oh chide her not! harsh words but *madden*,
The heart already wrung with care;
So, if you will not try to gladden—
Ah! do not *drive* her to *despair!*
As many a suicide is driven,
By sheer unkindness, to the grave,
Away from GOD, and *hope*, and *Heaven*—
Whose soul a few kind words might save!

V.

Oh chide her not! lest He whose tender
And changeless pity loved to bless
The woman in the Temple*—render
Yourselves no pity in distress.
Hush! 'tis her GOD that's speaking—*hear* Him!
"*I* don't condemn thee; *sin no more!*"
And if you either love or fear Him,
Rebuke not harshly, but—RESTORE!

VI.

Oh chide her not! but fondly cherish
The latest, ling'ring signs that give
The faintest hope she may not perish;
And urge her to repent and live.
Point out *His* mercy, might, and meekness,
Whose Blood can cleanse the foulest blot;
And still rememb'ring *your own weakness*,
And countless crimes—OH CHIDE HER NOT!"

* John viii. 1 – 12.

THE HERB ROBERT,*

(GERANIUM ROBERTIANUM):

OR,

BELLA AND BOBBIE.

I.

Come here, Isabella, and look at this fellow,
  There's something about him to charm you, I'm sure:
In form and in feature he's such a nice creature,
  You'll say that the ladies he ought to allure.

II.

If the belles of the meadow be longing to wed a
  Young beau so gallant, and so handsome and gay,
You can fancy each flower half dead in her bower,
  Love-smitten by him, to be pining away.

III.

O! let me behold him, and tenderly fold him—
  As type of the graces of him I adore:
To thy heart come and press me, sweet flower—but, bless me!
  So awful a smell was there ever before?

---

* This little plant, although it is the prettiest, is also the commonest, of all our wild geraniums; and it blooms in hedgerows, woods, and waste places, and by roadsides, from the end of April to the beginning of November, in almost every part of the United Kingdom. Our indigenous Flora has very few prettier little wildlings. Its beautiful, rose-tinted blossoms, when expanded, are about the size of a four-penny piece; but its handsomely-divided leaves, (which, like its slender stems, are frequently tinged with red), emit, when bruised, a very disagreeable odour. This unpleasant perfume, contrasted with the beauty of its tiny flowers, suggested the moral, though playful, reflections in the stanzas; while the *masculine* nomenclature of its *common* name, and also of its *specific*, scientific title, rendered it a peculiarly appropriate plant, upon which to found a warning to a dear young Christian friend. At the time the verses were written and sent to her, she was wooed by another kind of "*Robert*," whose addresses she happily and soon rejected, for those of a purer and far worthier man who, ere long, became her husband, and has ever since made [illegible]oy in the Emerald Isle.

IV.

Now, why so deceive me? the scent will not leave me;
My hands and my dress the vile odour retain:
Oh! what do you name it? for I will proclaim it
The vilest of weeds—on hill, valley, or plain.

V.

Dear Bella, excuse me,—you greatly amuse me,
Though pleasure I've none in perfuming you so:
But I wished, my dear girl, just to point out the per'l,
Of young ladies like you, when they look for a beau.

VI.

We style the fair flower that had such a power
At first to delight you, but now to disgust—
"HERB ROBERT;" but, "*Stinking* Geranium," I'm thinking,
As *most* people call it, *you* certainly must.

VII.

I've often been musing, how the girls are all losing
Their time and their tender affections on beaux,
Whose heart and whose cranium, like that small geranium,
Are full of what's foul—though they *look* like the Rose.

VIII.

In country and city, deck'd out like the pretty,
But ill-scented, flower you're blaming—ye see
Many fops ye admire; but whene'er ye draw nigher,
Their vices prove odours that warn ye to flee.

IX.

But, alas for the Girls! they perceive not their per'ls;
By Love's passion they're blinded, and recklessly rush
Into loving communion, and conjugal union,
With the vices that once would have made them to blush.

X.

Now, Bella, my sister, *you* never loved Mr.——
So fondly, I fancy, as thus to grow blind:
But a fond-hearted brother would say—Choose *another*!
Or a filthy "Herb '*Robert*,'" he fears you will find!

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT:
A
POETIC EPISTLE TO A BACHELOR.

I.

Dear Cœlebs,
Please accept this Lay
On Love matured as soon as born ;
Love melting with meridian ray,
Coeval with the dawn of morn.
To us the dawning passion's gleam
That slowly mounts to mid-day height,
More pure and permanent doth seem—
More full of blessing, warmth, and light.

II.

To feel the soul is captive led,
In one short moment, hour, or eve ,
And scarce to woo till one is wed—
Is love in which we dont believe.
Romantic it may be, 'tis true—
And romance we do not despise ;
But all at once to bill-and-coo
With doves *unknown*, were hardly wise.

III.

Sometimes, indeed, the birds may be,
In every sense well fit to mate ;
But, nine times out of ten, we see
Such am'rous haste deplored too late.
A love that's meant to last for life,
Should read its object *through and through*,
Ere it a husband, or a wife,
Consents to wed—or ev'n to woo.

IV.

The man who for a Beauty sighs—
  Whose glance doth fill his heart with pain,
When first he sets on her his eyes,
  In ball-room, opera, church, or train,
Or promenade—or anywhere ;
  And longs for him the flower were pluck'd ;
Is such an ass, that all the Fair—
  If wise—would wish the donkey duck'd.

V.

Worse, still, it is, when maidens whose
  Weak bosoms, like unshelter'd lakes,
A breath will agitate—will choose
  To pine, as thousands do, for rakes,
And libertines, and idle swells,
  On being introduced ; and lay
Foundations for domestic hells—
  And *Heaven*, and *good* men, cast away.

VI.

The fount of passion in the breast,
  Set boiling by the glancing beam
Of eyes unknown—or eyes unblest—
  Will soon evaporate in steam.
Or, if affection's fountain still
  Continue full—the very eye
That made it boil, as quick can *chill*
  The waters which it cannot *dry*.

VII.

By slow degrees the heart should take
  Love's fervid heat ; for if it pass
Through it too suddenly, 'twill break,
  Like quickly-heated tubes of glass.
With passion's flame if you expand
  Its *carnal*—ere its *moral* part
Gets time to warm—'twill seldom stand
  The fire—but die *a broken heart !*

"THE GOSPEL OF DIRT,"

AND

THE ILLUSTRIOUS CHELSEA SAGE.

The following newspaper paragraph forms a necessary introduction to the succeeding Stanzas, on the above subject.

"MR. CARLYLE ON 'THE GOSPEL OF DIRT.—*The Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald* publishes the following extract of a letter written to a friend by Mr. Carlyle :—'A good sort of a man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah! it's a sad, a terrible thing, to see a whole generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe! I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog-spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes—'What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy him for ever.' No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside.' Our contemporary adds :—"Some time ago, Mr. Carlyle was heard to say, that he was seeking his way back to the simple faith of his childhood, convinced that there was more in that, than all the wisdom of the *illuminati*.'"

I.

Great CARLYLE! we thank thee, despite of thy strong,
But erroneous, views of the power of Song,*
For the candour with which thou at last dost confess,
That Religion—*and nought but Religion*—can bless,
Cheer and comfort the mind that for happiness pines;
And that now thy Philosophy humbly resigns
Its long rivalry with it; not deigning to flirt
With that blasphemous nymph—the new "Gospel of Dirt."

---

* Mr. Carlyle, we are sorry to say, judging from some of his own published statements, is opposed to poetry; at least, to poetry in verse; however much he may admire poetic prose, and excel in it himself, as one of the grandest writers of the nineteenth century.

II.

No doubt, as thou sayest, "This Darwin's a good
Sort of man, and well-meaning :" and here, if we could,—
With regard to his "very small intellect," we,
On its *littleness*, with thee would gladly agree.
Were his intellect dwarf'd like most mimics' who swallow
Down all his absurdities—*no* man would follow
The ridiculous teaching denounced in thy curt,
But most fitting, rebuke of his "Gospel of Dirt."

III.

But, alas for mankind ! he's a man of no mean
Mental power and training ; and has a most keen
Curiosity, joined to untiring research,
And ambition that aims at the loftiest perch.
These are facts that we wonder thou didst not descry ;
For his greatness in science, few men would deny.
But, like many another great man, he can blurt
Out mad blunders ; and *his*—is "The Gospel of Dirt."

IV.

"Ah ! it *is* both a sad and a terrible thing,
Thus to see men and women professing to bring
Learning's culture to search after truth—yet, purblind,
No GOD in the Universe able to find !"
"A reaction from cant and from hollow pretence,"
It may be "to profess to believe" what good sense,
Scarcely less than true piety, bans as a spurt :
For "they *do not* believe in The Gospel of Dirt !"

V.

Yet, alas ! as thou sayest, although they do not
In such nonsense *believe*—'tis "to *this* we have got :"
That "a whole generation of men" have resolved
To declare that "from *frog-spawn* all things" are evolved,
By successive degrees, in our ditches and bogs ;
And that "MEN came from *Monkeys*," as these came from *Frogs !*
But *thou* art no fool, manly Carlyle, to flirt
With "*Development's*" lies, and its "Gospel of Dirt."

VI.

Thou leavest to others the dignified creed,
That we've sprung from the slimy batrachian breed;
And that MAN through *gorillas* and *toads* we can trace
Back to even *amœbas*, as source of our race;
Nay, to jelly less organized still—from which life
Was developed, at last, into Adam and Wife!
But we're glad that the feelings of Eve were not hurt—
For no Darwins to *her* preached their "Gospel of Dirt."

VII.

'Tis enough that her loveliest daughters must hear
Such a gospel proclaimed in their delicate ear;
And that every sweet feature adorning their face,
Through *Baboons*, back to *Toads*, they are told they must trace.
And we're not very sure that all fashions they've prized,
They wont hear, by and by, were *by them*, too, devised;
Nay, that *Monkeys* invented both "*shimmy*" and *shirt*,
For the Gals and Gossoons of "The Gospel of Dirt!"

VIII.

But the present mad fashion of tying their knees,
To abandon, no doubt, will the ladies soon please:
And as bustles, and panniers, and chignons, and hair
Cropp'd so short o'er the felon-like brows of the Fair; (16)
And the scandalous leg-baring crinolines, too,
Which have shock'd common sense, have died out—or will do—
So "Development's" craze will die out as a *spurt*;
And the Darwinite geese flee "The Gospel of Dirt!"

IX.

We thank thee, O Carlyle! again and again—
That, while poor puny pigmies, by tongue and by pen,
Ape the genius who, 'spite of his errors gigantic,
Is a whale to those sprats of that boundless Atlantic
Of Science—wherein, though all creatures may play,
There are *maelstroms*, from which if they don't keep away,
Even *whales* like great Darwin get fatally hurt,
When suck'd down to the depths of "The Gospel of Dirt!"

X.

"The older thou growest—and now on the brink
Of Eternity" standing—thy true heart doth shrink
From this sceptical trifling of Darwin & Co. ;
And with joy to the Faith of thy childhood doth go.
And "To glorify GOD and enjoy Him for ever,
As the chief end of man"—both thy wish and endeavour
Must be, through its teaching—despite of the blurt,
And the blunders, of GOD-HATING "Gospels of Dirt !"

XI.

Great scientists still from its foulness are free—
Even greater than Darwin ; while sages like thee,
Who despise it and loathe it, thank Heaven ! abound ;
And eclipse *him* in genius, and learning profound.
We are grateful to Heaven, O Chelsean Sage !
That both GOD and thy *Conscience* have urged thee to wage,
E'en to such brief extent as thy epigram curt—
Such a withering war 'gainst "The Gospel of Dirt !"

DOWN WITH THE BARRIERS:

A

ONE SEX SONG.*

(Composed for the Champions of Women's *Wrongs*.)

I.

Down with the barriers ! raze them apace !
Which Society's safety, and Nature, and Grace,
And the Wisdom of Time, through the ages gone by,
The experience of Earth, and the Laws of the Sky,
Have presumed to erect—to distinguish between
Men and women, in manner, in mind, and in mien ;
And in habits and physical organization,
And habiliments suiting sex, duty, and station.
But down with the barriers ! down with them all !
In spite of all Heaven and Earth let them fall !

* An irrepressible, but far from juvenile, spinster, of platform notoriety, read a paper and made a speech, some years ago, before an important and useful public Association, to prove, on behalf of "Women's Rights," that, so far as those so-called "Rights," are concerned, only *one* sex should be recognized, as having an existence.

II.

The World has now grown so amazingly wise,
That its Maker's existence it doubts, or denies ;
And a sceptical theory's glow-worm gleam
Eclipses and quenches e'en Heaven's own beam !
So, if *Mill* † is to guide us, and some men of science,
(Thank Heav'n ! *not the ablest*,) be worthy reliance ;
And—scoffers, or not—in their theories new
About matter and mind, preach a Gospel that's true :
Then, down with the barriers ! Man's but a *clod !*
And his *masculine* sisters need not fear a GOD !

III.

From inanimate atoms together that blend,
All life is derived, and in them it will end.
These first of all form a small, jelly-like drop ;
And its quick *evolution* no power can stop.
Men and women are merely "developments" now,
By affinity's laws, of the jellies : but *how*
They will *still* be developed, no sages can solve—
But already *One* Sex out of *two* they evolve !
Then, down with the barriers ! down with them fast !
One old Maid thinks the time for *two* sexes is past !

IV.

No matter at all, how the matter will end—
Let all matter with matter promiscuous blend.
And let women put on both the bloomer and breeches,
If to love and admire them still more, they'd bewitch us.
Then, turning us out of all masculine spheres,
Let each post be filled up by the man-aping dears ;
While the men stay at home, make the beds up, and *may* be,
Rock the cradle, and wash, dress, and suckle the baby !
Then, down with the barriers ! down with them, *Oh* man !
Or each Women's *Wrongs'* wench will to you be a—*Wo*-man !

† The celebrated John Stuart Mill was a strong advocate for the perilous, unnatural, and monstrous innovations, included in the *misnomer* called "Women's *Rights*," instead of—*Gynomania !*

CHARACTER AND CALUMNY.

I.

A priceless gem is Good Repute to man—
But e'en if lost, there's hope for its renewal;
For vilest men, by reformation can,
And quickly, too, regain the absent jewel.
Still, he who forfeits such a treasure, rates
Its worth too low, if for its absence he
Believes the World has aught that compensates—
Even when 'tis lost through false-tongued Calumny.

II.

But if to *Man* its value be so high—
Although so soon recoverable, when
By his own sin, or Slander's cruel lie,
He loses it,—no human tongue or pen,
Though fired with Angel eloquence, could show
The worth to WOMAN, of a stainless name;
Whose reputation—like the sullied SNOW—
Once soil'd by sin, can ne'er efface its shame!

III.

Ev'n when her life remains throughout from birth,
As pure and white, and chastely frigid, too,
From sinful passion, as the snow that Earth,
And melting sunbeams, never changed in hue;
If once her fame is touched by slander's slime—
Be she a maid, a widow, or a wife—
'Tis ten to one 'twill cling to her, as crime
Itself would do, so long as she has life.

IV.

The moment some malicious tongue doth tie
A blighting slander—or in jest, or hate,
To woman's name—a thousand tongues the lie
Delight to echo, and to propagate.
But Oh! how strange, that in the cruel race
To doubt and damn a sister's fair renown;
'Tis *her own sex* that lead the cursèd chase,
And rush in crowds to hunt her honour down!

V.

'Tis thus, whene'er a kettle, or a can,
A ruffian ties to rattle at the heels
Of some poor dog, the basest boy, or man,
Who joins the chase, not half the pleasure feels,
That's always felt by every cruel brute
Of *canine* breed, that barks and howls, and vies
With all his fellows, in their hot pursuit,
To worry him that in his terror flies.

VI.

O Woman! thou most glorious synonym
(When to thyself, and man, and Maker true,)
Of all that's good; thy sex, the Seraphim
Of Earth—all hearts to God and Heaven can woo!
How comes it, then, that ev'n the best among
That sex have fail'd (with few exceptions,) in
Their duty to their *Sisters'* hearts, when wrung
With *guiltless* griefs—or e'en when stung by *sin*?

VII.

If half the love and sympathy bestowed,
By rich old maids, on dogs and cats, and brutes
Of donkey breed—were by all women showed,
Each to the others, when detraction shoots
At Virtue's breast, foul slander's venom'd darts—
Or when the shafts of pois'nous vice destroy
Frail Beauty's peace—both sad and sinful hearts
Would soon regain their purity and joy!

VIII.

'Tis amiable, and good, and right to throw
The holy shield of Woman's pity o'er
The meanest things possest of life; but Oh!
How sad, and *sinful*, too, 'tis to ignore,
In women's hearts, all pity for their own
Poor suff'ring sisters: as, alas! we see
Most women do—although those sisters groan
'Neath cruel wrongs, and hopeless misery!

IX.

If virtuous women by such conduct mean
Their sex from vice to shield, or to deter;
Or, if a high *esprit du corps* has been
The cause of their hard-heartedness, they *err*,
In thinking that implacability
Tow'rds those who sin, and, sinning, bring down shame
Upon their sex—is their best panoply
For tempted virtue, or can vice reclaim.

X.

But whatsoe'er mere *worldly* women do,
'Tis not for YE *who loudly do profess*
To love the SAVIOUR, thus to be untrue
To all His teachings of the way to bless,
And *keep* the pure from wand'ring into sin:
His Gospel shows, by precept and example,
That LOVE should guard the *wavering* souls—and win
The *wand'rer* back;—*nor on the* FALLEN *trample!*

XI.

Are *ye* unblemish'd as the LAMB OF GOD?
Whose sinless nature—body, soul, and mind—
As *Man* was *spotless*, while our Earth He trod,
To teach, and then to die for, ALL MANKIND.
Are ye more holy in your hearts than *He*,
Your GOD and SAVIOUR? that your eyes and ears
You close, in proud implacability,
Against your erring sisters' sighs and tears!

XII.

"*Stone her to death!*" no doubt had been your cry,
(If we may judge you from your conduct *now*,)
Had ye been present when the pitying eye
Of JESUS look'd—as only *He* knew how
To look—in mercy on the Magdalene,
Dragg'd to His feet by hypocrites, more given
To vice than ev'n that sinful soul had been,
Whom CHRIST *forgave, and cleans'd, and brought to Heaven.*

THE FLIRT:
HER TRUE CHARACTER, AND HOW TO TREAT HER.

I.

Oh, fly from her! fly from her! fly for your life!
Such a flirt never yet made a fond, faithful wife.
And though in this age of coquetry, when "Girls
Of the Period" abound, you'll find very few pearls
Of feminine modesty, mix'd with the vile
Heaps of rubbish decked out silly fools to beguile;
There are *some* jewels still, e'en in this age of sin,
Pure and precious as ever, for wise men to win.

II.

Then, fly from her! fly from her! fly for your life!
Such a flirt never yet made a fond, faithful wife.
Could you glance at her eye when your rival draws near,
And mark, when she thinks you're not looking, the leer
With which she expresses her joy—if not vicious
Contempt for yourself; or, at least, her capricious,
And butterfly wish *other* sweets to be tasting,
Than *your* lips supply—from that flirt you'd be hasting.

III.

Then, fly from her ! fly from her ! fly for your life !
Such a flirt never yet made a fond, faithful wife.
Her highest idea of womanly love,
Has never arisen one hair's breadth above
The belief that for girls, and for women, all boys,
And all men, were designed to be *amative toys* :
Each toy, in its turn, to be coax'd with their kisses—
Then cast off and "*cut*," by the mesdames and misses !

IV.

Then, fly from her ! fly from her ! fly for your life !
Such a flirt never yet made a fond, faithful wife.
Not only her fickle flirtations are fraught
With destruction to peace—but e'en these can be *bought !*
And a dozen can buy them in turn ; but she'll *shelve*
All the rest, *for the richest fool* out of the twelve !
Then, fly from her ! fly from her ! fly for your life !
Such a flirt never yet made a fond, faithful wife.

V.

To wed with a woman like her, were to force
You to drown yourself soon ; or, to seek by divorce,
To shake out of your bosom the venomous thing,
That to death would your honor and happiness sting.*
Then, fly from that flirt of the marital mart,
And give to some true, modest woman, your heart :
And cling to her ! cling to her ! cling for your life !
For this World has *no wealth*—like *a fond, faithful* WIFE !

* The terrible *temptation* to resort to either suicide or divorce, is all that is here intended ; for the author believes that no amount of provocation can justify the latter crime, any more than the former ; and that self-murder is not a more flagrant breach of the sixth commandment, than divorce, with re-marriage, during the joint lives of the divorced parties, is of the seventh.

THE WORLD'S PRAISE,
AND
THE WORLD'S BLAME.

I.

Swim with the stream of pelf and pride,
Of falsehood, villainy, and vice,
Down which mankind delight to glide,
And you'll be praised for all that's nice.
Show me a man the World has used
So well, that him it ne'er abused,
Nor spat upon his name, nor slandered ;
And I'll show you an arrant knave,
Or else a sycophantic slave,
And fawning flunky, who—to crave
Men's smiles—his manhood in the grave
Of coward meanness, with the Standard
Of Christian duty, has interr'd ;
And helped to damn the unhappy herd,
To whose vile follies he has pander'd.

II.

"Woe unto you !"the Saviour said—
When all men speak about you well :" *
And hence, *wise* Christians always dread
To hear the World their praises swell.
No child of GOD should ever cease,
"*If possible*, to live in peace
With all men "—† be he loved, or hated :
But, through the World so bland to go,
As not to make full many a foe,
The Christian's hand should deal no blow
To sins and vices whose o'erthrow
Should be his life-long, unabated,
And fervid wish, and prayer, and aim—
Whate'er the loss of wealth and fame
It brings, when he's calumniated.

* Luke vi. 26; John xv. 18—21. † Romans xii. 18.

III.

That man has honour's acme reached,
Whom malice daubs with venom'd slime,
Because his tongue or pen has preached
Against chicanery and crime.
To fight with self-injurious zeal,
'Gainst villainies encased in steel
Of public favour—crimes protected
By hoary and "prescriptive right,"
That pleads the privilege of *might*,
To act unjustly; *thus* to fight,
Though bann'd by Earth, is, in the sight
Of Heaven, to be a bless'd, respected,
And genuine hero;—braver, too,
Than fiercest battles ever knew—
Though by an ingrate world rejected!

IV.

But, if to scourge the *World* be right,
And lash its crimes with Satire's birch;
More just it is, with all your might,
To flog the crimes that curse the CHURCH.
Then, trounce those culprits—be they Lay,
Or Clerical, who, while they pray
For Zion's peace, their neighbours slander;
And, trampling on the Truths they teach,
Despise the poor, ev'n while they preach
Humility and love; or "leech"
The hapless dupes they overreach—
Ignoring honesty and candour.
All this, *some* "*saints*" so oft have done,
That *honest sinners*, often shun
The Church—and learn to loathe and brand her!

V.

Not all the atheists on the earth,
With all the fiends in Hell combined,
Could blight the Church with such a dearth
Of confidence among mankind ;
Or tempt so many to eschew
The Temple of the Lord ; as do
Those "Christians" who make ostentatious
Profession of Religion, while
In luxury and worldly style
They wallow ; yet, their souls beguile
With Faith in Heaven's Paternal smile,
While to Heaven's mandates contumacious :
Or while the pious poor they see—
Nay, *Guilt itself*—in poverty
Sink down, *un*-help'd by pity gracious !

THE DRUNKEN WIFE:
OR,
"'TWAS THE DRINKING, SIR, THAT DID IT ALL."*

I.

"'Twas the *Drinking*, Sir, that did it all !"
We heard a hapless husband cry,
Whose drunken wife did loudly bawl,
As lately we were passing by
His cottage, and were shock'd to see
The sottish wench stretched in the hall,
While he to us said mournfully—
"'Twas the *Drinking*, Sir, that did it all !"

II.

With folded arms and placid face,
He stood beside the open door ;
While she, *Xantippè*-like,† in base
Abuse, kept bellowing on the floor.
A very SOCRATES in mute
Philosophy, *he* saw her sprawl ;
And only said about the brute—‡
"'Twas the *Drinking*, Sir that did it all !"

---

* Those very words, with one exception, were addressed to the author, by an unfortunate, but marvellously patient, husband—an industrious, respectable, and habitually temperate man of the Working Class,—under the exact circumstances described in the first and second stanzas. "*Whisky*" was the word *he* used, but the word "Drinking" has been purposely substituted, to make the verses more applicable to all kinds of intoxicating drinks, used by drunken wives and husbands in all ranks of society. The poem was published at the time of the occurrence, many years ago.

† *Xantippe* was the name of the scolding wife of *Socrates*, the great philosopher, who so frequently, but patiently, suffered from the termagant's tongue.

‡ We humbly apologize to the so-called "lower animals" of the "brute creation," for applying their respectable title to so degraded a creature as a drunken *woman*, or even (though not quite so disreputable,) a drunken *man*.

III.

Alas! what numerous drunken wives,
Like her, are found to plague—beyond
Endurance—both the homes and lives
Of husbands who, however fond
Of spouse and children, and of home,
Still find their sottish wives a wall
To shut them out, and make them roam—
For *Drinking*, that brings woe to all!

IV.

To see a *Man* so basely sink,
In degradation's lowest deep,
A helpless sot on ruin's brink,
While wife and children round him weep
For want of bread; then, as he lies,
Implore Heaven's curse on them to fall;
Would make *ev'n fiends* the wretch despise,
Whose love for *Drinking* did it all.

V.

But ah! when WOMAN thus we see
Stamp infamy upon that name
We love to link with purity,
And high and holy thoughts, that claim
Our tend'rest love and best esteem;
Hell's scorn, we feel, on her must fall;
While Heaven's contempt and curses teem
On *Drinking*—that has done it all!

VI.

'Tis seldom that a man can bear
(Whate'er his faults—and none would hide
Them less than we,) in one so fair,
And one so fit, *when good*, to guide
His wayward footsteps to the Skies,—
A sight like that the cottage hall
Presented to our loathing eyes,
That saw how *Drinking* did it all.

VII.

That sick'ning scene, though pass'd away,
In memory still remains behind,
A grisly ghost that loves to stay
To haunt and horrify our mind.
But, though 'tis past, how oft we see
GOD'S own professing children fall;
On whose lost souls might branded be—
"*'Twas* CURSÈD DRINKING *did it all!*"

VIII.

The Preacher from the Pulpit cries,
"No drunkard shall inherit Heaven!"*
The Priest beside the "Altar" tries—
His flock with that same truth to leaven:
But *both*, in countless cases, quaff
Deep draughts of that 'gainst which they bawl;
Till angels weep, and demons laugh,
To see the Drinking—DAMN THEM ALL!

* 1 Corinthians, vi. 10; Galatians, v. 21.

SHAM DEGREES:

OR,

JACKDAWS IN DOVES' FEATHERS.

Now, though you may think that the statement's absurd,
Master Jack is a highly respectable bird;
Or, at least, *would* be so, if he were not so vain,
But a trim, honest *Daw* be content to remain.
Why there is not a Parson, whate'er be his merits,
Such a long-vested int'rest and title inherits
To a dignified place in the Church; nor so high
Any stall in Cathedrals, that Jack cannot fly
To a higher one still; for 'tis known to all people,
That by birth he inherits a stall in—the Steeple.

In his own suit of suitable, clerical black,
Most respectable, then, he would be; but great lack
Of sound sense and good taste the vain fellow has shown,
In usurping a style and a dress *not his own.*
In fact, like full many another mad elf,
By his pride he for ever disgraces himself;
As those counterfeit scholars have done, who write after
Their names learned *Letters*—exciting the laughter
Of all men who know that those shameless pretenders,
Have *bought* them from sham Universities' vendors
Of those spurious Degrees that have deluged our nation,
With false honors that ape those of true Education.

In their own proper place, they would be of society,
Respectable members enough; but, true piety
Is not more exalted in honor superior,
O'er loathsome hypocrisy, than o'er inferior
Aspirants to Learning's rewards—are true Scholars,
Who despise all Degrees won by guineas, or dollars;
Or by any one scheme that with BRAIN-WORK dispenses;
And that dignifies dolts, under such false pretences
As *Essays* composed in French, German, or Latin,
Which most of the "writers" *ne'er wrote*—nor could *chat* in:
Nor e'en in good English, the *Thesis*, or *Sermon*,
Unassisted could write—the success to determine,
Which sends them out sailing o'er Scholarship's sea—
Their false figure-head marked with their *Pirate* Degree!

Scholars look with ineffable scorn on the apers,
Who dishonestly cut such ridiculous capers:
And, if not so disgraceful, 'twould surely be funny,
Thus to see hosts of dunces transform'd, all by money,
Into would-be-thought learn'd *savans*, and *alumni*
Of some great Alma Mater, *they* tell us "none come nigh,
But men of great mental endowments and learning."
Yet, their *mother benign* seems not very discerning,
For the honors and titles her hands keep bestowing,
Are oft giv'n to the worst ignoramuses going.
Neither mother nor sons see much sin in venality;
And *both* trade in her wares with a great prodigality.
One, to know it, must needs be well versed in Addition,
And Multiplication; and should make no omission
In totting up figures, or in then multiplying—
For the honors conferr'd seem all numbers defying.
As to "*Masters of Arts*," we've "M.A.'s" so abundant,
That the dunces themselves might well deem them redundant.
But a still greater host flourish "*Doctors'*" Degrees—
D.C.L.'s—LL.D.'s—Ph.D.'s—and D.D.'s;

And in Schools and in Churches, and some other places,
Gull the credulous public, with *fraud* that disgraces
Both Religion and Learning; and on both brings disasters,
When the Pulpit and Desk hold such "Pastors and Masters."
But the M.D.'s to all are more perilous still,
Since they help the vain quacks many people to kill.
Yet, none of those Letters, *if studied for*, they—
In most cases—could gain, though they get them for *pay*;
E'en a paltry *Ten Pounds*; and sometimes e'en a "*Fiver*,"
As the funds rise or fall, of the vending conniver
From a foreign or sham University. Yes,
But if *other* usurpers of Scholarship's dress,
Only prove that their vanity makes them insane—
"*Rev'rend* Doctors" should not be so shamefully vain!

The Daw in the dress of the Dove, though a fable,
Is a wise one; and through it our muse has been able
To paint in true colours, the impudent horde
Of those ignorant men who the whole world have bored
With their "*raps*" for good money, in shape of Degrees;
Or their *counterfeit* coins—if the name better please.
But, though there's great danger the public abuse
We have here flagellated, may greatly reduce
The high Academical value of true,
And all honestly-earned, Degrees; and imbue
Those who've won them by long, meritorious labours,
With contempt for such honours, in fear that their neighbours
Might think their true gold was base metal—*that gold*
Is *enhanced* by each counterfeit which they behold:
For *their* metal would ne'er have been worth imitation,
By the *pinchbeck*, if it had not high valuation.

So, whether by true Academical training,
Or by genuine *Honoris Causa*, attaining
To high, *bona fide*, scholastic Degrees;—
In despite of the dunces and donkeys who please

To make fools of themselves, by appending *big Letters*
To their most insignificant names ; and their betters
Thus to ape with a pride so absurdly ambitious—
True merit should *stare down* all fame *meretricious* ;
And preclude its mendacious pretences from winning
The trust of the public 'gainst whom it is sinning.
But whether their spurious Degrees "*In Absentia*,"
Were purchased,—or paid for "*In* [so-called] *Presentia* ;"
To quote, in the newspapers' parlance, the Vendors'
Own words, in advertisement puffs to pretenders
To qualifications for Honours in Learning,
That they never possess'd—though for *Dignities* yearning :
At the impudent folly and farce, as 'tis fitting—
The whole public its sides with loud laughter is splitting !
For the laughable farce is *almost* as absurd
As the title of "*Right*"—that oft *pirated* word,
Which some folks seem to think any poachers may fish up
From State waters, as prefix to Reverend Bishop,
In Free, Evangelical Churches* professing
To *Reform* the State Church—yet, its *pomps* deem a blessing !
And who soon would, most likely, the title, "My Lord,"
To small mimics of Peers and great Prelates, accord ;
Or "Your Grace," and "Right Reverend Father !"—and
so forth :
But from *all kinds of shams*, every Christian should go forth.
And now to sham "*Doctors*" and "*Masters of Arts*,"
Our Muse bids farewell—makes her bow—and departs.

* In one "Free" Church, the Free Church of England, Convocation does not *now* permit the use of the word "*Right*" before Reverend, to any Minister or Bishop.

APPENDIX.

NOTE 1.—Title of the First Poem.—Page 9.

"THE GOSSIPING TONGUE."

A considerable portion of this poem, and the whole of some other pieces in this little volume, were written many years ago, but were never before published. All parts of "*The Gossiping Tongue*," and nearly all the other poems in the book, owe their inspiration to the actual and personal acquaintance of the author with the events, circumstances, and conduct delineated in them. As to the lamentable and cruel consequences to individuals, families, and churches, which, in numerous instances, and in several places, he has known to flow from the slanderous and backbiting habits that he has denounced in these pages; he can truly say, that they have rendered a public and uncompromising protest against such crimes, an imperative Christian duty, from the faithful discharge of which, he has latterly felt he could not continue to shrink, without sinning against God and society. This he believes to be a sufficient justification of the striking contrast between the gentleness that is stamped upon his "TEARS AND RAINBOWS," (see OPINIONS OF THE PRESS, on the last three pages of the book,) and the stern denunciations that characterize "THE GOSSIPING TONGUE" and some of the other satirical poems in this little volume.

NOTE 2.—Stanza IV.—Page 10.

"*Gnostic Believers*," who were followers of Simon Magus, were rank heretics in Apostolic times. Their name was derived from a Greek word signifying knowledge, and was given to them on account of their high pretentions to a superior acquaintance with Divine subjects. They were divided into several sects, respectively distinguished by particular heretical opinions. One of the worst sects, that called the Nicolaitanes, is mentioned in Revelation ii, 6,15. These did not believe in the necessity for holiness of heart and life, but contended that faith in Christ would secure the salvation of even the most wicked and habitual transgressors of the Divine Laws. They were, therefore, thorough Antinomians, and the true prototypes of certain sects of professedly Christian "Believers," with whom the Church and the world are but too familiar in the present day.

NOTE 3.—Stanza VI.—Page 10.

"*Some* serpents, 'twas said, could their victims destroy
With a look, and to death in a moment decoy."

The allusion here, is to the fabulous Basilisk of the ancients; not to the real Basilisk (*Basiliscus Americanus*) of the world's existing Fauna, which, though a large and very repulsive looking reptile, is a perfectly harmless and insectivorous lizard. It inhabits the tropical parts of South America.

NOTE 4.—Stanza VII.—Page 11.

"THE DEADLY PUFF-ADDER.—The Puff-Adder (*Clotho Arietans*), which inhabits many parts of Africa, is a small snake, but one of the most venomous of all the Ophidia. When irritated, it inflates itself and puffs out, which has given rise to its popular name. Instead of darting forward, like other snakes, when about to make its attack, it flings itself backward, as described in the Stanza.

NOTE 5.—Stanza X.—Page 11.

The Woodpeckers (of which the Green Woodpecker, *Picus Viridis*, is the best-known of the four species in England,) afford, in the anatomical structure of the tongue, and the means for its protrusion and retraction, one of the most beautiful illustrations of Providential design to adapt the animal organism to its special requirements, which we meet with in the whole Animal Kingdom. "The wonderful spring" referred to in the Stanza, is formed by such a modification of the hyoid bone to which the tongue is attached, that its two posterior branches are greatly elongated, and form a kind of elastic bow from the back to the front of the head, which, acted upon by special muscles, thrust out, or draw in, the tongue with rapidity. The latter is not only barbed, but glutinous, also, to secure its insect prey.

NOTE 6.—Stanza XIX.—Page 15.

"*That horrid El Haje.*"—There seems to be some difficulty, even among modern naturalists, in determining the exact species referred to under this name; although some of them refer it to the deadly Asp, by which the beautiful Cleopatra terminated her wicked life, after the battle of Actium. As to ancient writers, their discordant descriptions have led to the opinion that they must have alluded to several different species. But its reported habit of sometimes vengefully pursuing its victim, as "fierce bigots" always do, is quite enough for our purpose.

NOTE 7.—Stanza XXII.—Page 15.

The story, in this and the next following stanza, has merely been versified by the author, who once read it. The probability of its veracity, however, will not be doubted by those who have had opportunities for becoming personally acquainted with the racy wit, and ever ready repartee, of the Irish peasantry; who have, in many ways, a bright and lovable side to their character, despite of its present dark and hideous reverse—caused, *chiefly*, by their political tempters.

NOTE 8.—Stanza XXXVII.—Page 20.

"*The turn'd-down thumb.*"—The signal by which the callous-hearted Roman "ladies" intimated their desire for the giving of the terrible death-stroke to the fallen and vanquished gladiator, by his conqueror in the inhuman combat got up for their amusement.

NOTE 9.—Stanza XXXIX—Page 20.

"*The Lamiæ.*" Fabulous monsters, said to have resembled women from the breast upward, and serpents downward, and to have inhabited some portions of Greece and Africa. They were believed to have the power of assuming different shapes, and, chiefly as beautiful women, and with a soothing and sibilant voice, of attracting young people, and then drinking their blood.

NOTE 10.—Stanza XLIII.—Page 22.

"*The Dumb Cane.*"—This is the *Caladium seguinum*, (or *Dieffenbachia seguina*,) of botanists. It is a West Indian plant of several feet in height, belonging to the order *Araceæ*, or Arum Family. To chew, or even bite, the leaves, causes the tongue to swell so greatly, as not only to destroy the power of speech, sometimes for several days, but to give great agony, and even endanger life by suffocation.

NOTE 11.—Stanza L.—Page 24.

"In Church and in Chapel, Pew, Pulpit, and Class."

The allusion here is not intended, in even the slightest degree, to bring either the Christian pastors or people of any Church or Denomination, into ridicule, or to disparage the spiritual importance of any of the special means of Grace used by either Churchmen or Dissenters; but solely to censure the deplorable, yet undeniable, fact, that too many ministers of the Gospel in all branches of the Christian Church, are as guilty as the guiltiest of the laity, of the sin of secret slander and censoriousnees which is censured in this stanza.

NOTE 12.—Stanza LI.—Page 24.

"In the famed School for Scandal in Theatres played."

Should any person conscientiously object to this or any other illustration in these pages, drawn from either the written or acted Drama, the author begs to inform them, that they might as well find fault with Saint Paul, for drawing some of his finest and most profitable illustrations from the Olympic Games; and even with the REDEEMER HIMSELF, for teaching a great and good spiritual lesson, through the medium of the Parable of the Unjust Steward. In the latter case, *dishonesty* was most certainly, neither "commended" nor palliated; nor were *fighting*, *wrestling*, and *racing* held up as Christian amusements, in the former. The author, therefore, feels fully justified in utilizing histrionic allusions, when these can be made to subserve a good purpose; but he has no sympathy with the new-fangled, incongruous, and perilous alliance between the Church and Stage.

NOTE 13.—Stanza LXII.—Page 27.

"THE MAN-EATING TIGER" alluded to in this and the preceding stanza, is not a distinct species from the common tiger (*Felis tigris*, or *Tigris regalis*), but the same animal, which is believed to lie in wait for man, in preference to the wild animals that form its usual prey, only when advanced age, or accident, has rendered it less active, or has partially destroyed its teeth, and blunted its claws.

NOTE 14....Stanza LXVII....Page 28.

"And CHRIST used it *Himself*, on the Cross when He hung—
Though *the most wrong'd of all*, by the Gossiping Tongue."

In the merciful and loving words of the dying Redeemer—"Father *forgive* them, for they know not what they do,"—(Luke XXIII. 34,) He has left all His children an example that they are bound to follow, in praying for their slanderers: while the following passages of Holy Scripture, with many others, show how bitterly He was calumniated and vilified by the murderers He prayed for, both before His Crucifixion and during its agonies and anguish; and how cruelly they wronged Him, as an accused impostor, blasphemer, and rebel.—Matthew, xi. 18, 19; xxvi. 59—61; 65, 66; xxvii. 39—45; Mark, xiv, 55—60; 63—65; Luke xx. 20; xxiii. 1—6.

NOTE 15.—Stanza LXVIII.—Page 29.

"Heaven's protests against every Gossiping Tongue."

Those who take no delight in the Bible, and whose ethics are not supposed to be regulated by it, will probably sneer at such an array of texts: but all who profess to have taken the WORD OF GOD as *their only rule of faith and practice*, are bound to consult it upon the question so uncompromisingly dealt with in these pages, before they presume to find fault with either the *matter* or *tone* of the discussion. To *them*, therefore, we leave the responsibility of consulting, or neglecting to consult, the following texts of Scripture, that present the sin of slanderous Gossiping in almost all its hideous and hellish phases and consequences, before them.

N.B.—The *larger* figures stand for the CHAPTERS, and the *smaller* ones for the *Verses*.

EXODUS, **20.** 16; **23.** 1, 2. LEVITICUS, **19.** 16, 17. DEUTERONOMY, **19.** 16–21. PSALMS, **10.** 6–15; **15.** 1–4; **31.** 13–21; **34.** 13; **35.** 11–17; **41.** 5–10; **50.** 19–23; **52.** 1–6; **55.** 9–22; **56.** 5, 6; **57.** 3–7; **58.** 3–6; **59.** 6–9, and 12; **64.** 1–9; **71.** 10–14; **73.** 8–12; **94.** 3, 4, and 7–10; **101.** 5–8; **109.** 1–6; **120.** 2–5; **140.** 1–4; **141.** 3–6. PROVERBS, **6.** 16–20; **10.** 18; **11.** 9, 13; **16.** 28; **17.** 9; **18.** 8; **25.** 18, 23; **26.** 20–28. ECCLESIASTES, **10.** 11–14; JEREMIAH, **6.** 28; **9.** 3–10; **20.** 10. 11; **38.** 1–7.

MATTHEW, **7.** 1–6. LUKE, **3.** 14. ACTS, **6.** 11–15; **17.** 5–10; and **24.** 5, 6. ROMANS, **1.** 29, 30; **2.** 1–7; and **3.** 13, 14. II. CORINTHIANS. **12.** 20. EPHESIANS, **4.** 31. II. THESSALONIANS, **3.** 11, 12. I. TIMOTHY, **3.** 8–12; and **5.** 13, 19. TITUS, **2.** 3; and **3.** 2. JAMES, **1.** 26; **3.** 5–18; and **4.** 11, 12. I. PETER, **2.** 1, 2; **3.** 10, 16; and **4.** 4, 5, and 14–17. II. PETER, **2.** 10–13; and REVELATION, **12.** 10.

NOTE 16.—Stanza VIII.—Page 48.

"Cropp'd so short o'er the felon-like brows of the Fair."

Many of the young ladies who have adopted this detestably silly fashion, are really such lovely girls, that it is always grievous to see their beauty destroyed by it. One is lost in amazement to find them so eagerly emulating the hideous ugliness of even the closely-cropped felons whose crimes have doomed them to penal servitude in such places as Portland Prison and Spike Island. Even in the case of little girls who are only children, it is an unwarrantable outrage on their natural beauty, to cut their hair so short over their innocent and unoffending foreheads. But, in the case of grown girls, no sensible father or mother should tolerate, and no brother or lover shrink from denouncing, the unnatural and repulsive abomination, that robs their daughters, or sisters, or sweethearts, of the gracefulness derived from those tresses of "long hair," which no less an authority than *Divine Inspiration*, has declared to be "*a glory*" to Woman, which it is a *shame* to *cut short*. I. Corinthians, XI. 6, 15.

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